The *Battle of Warburgh,*

A new SONG.

COME all you jolly Britons of every degree,
And liſten to my ſtory, and you ſhall plainly ſee,
It's of the Britiſh Volunteers that never fear'd their Foes,
Commanded by brave Brunſwick that valiant man you know.

On the thirty-firſt of July the morning being clear,
We ſpy'd a flying Army, belonging to Monſieur;
At One o'Clock we fir'd a ſhot and they return'd the ſame,
It's now my boys ſays Sperkins, this begins the Game.

There's Buckland's Grenadiers my boys, that's faced up with Green,
Commanded by Capt. Robinſon, as it was plainly ſeen,
They took the lofty hills my boys before the French Army,
And in three Hours time my boys we gain'd the Victory.

Then up comes three Battalions, the French being very nigh,
Crying out Victory, we'll make you Engliſh fly,
We gave them ſuch ſmart vollies which made them for to rue,
They turn'd their backs upon us and cried out Morbleu.

Full Thirty-five thouſand we fought that very day,
Of the beſt troops they had in France we ſhew'd them Britiſh play,
And we no more than eight thouſand engag'd of our army,
And in three hours time my boys, we gain'd the Victory.

The ground they were cover'd with wounded and with ſlain,
Ten thouſand of the beſt troops lay bleeding on the plain,
The reſt of them they run away as faſt as they could hye,
But ſoon they were purſu'd my boys by the britiſh cavalry.

Near the plains of Wareburg the truth to you I tell,
Our Cavalry catch'd them near to the River Mell,
And with their glittering broad ſwords they cut and ſlaſh'd away,
Lord Saxfield don't command us, the cavalry did ſay.

At Warburgh on the Plain my boys this battle it begun,
And about the hour of Four o'clock the battle it was done,
So here's e health to the Grenadiers that was not afraid to ſtand,
The French to fight was our delight, when Granby gave command.

So here's a health to king George my boys, our ſovereign Majeſty,
Likewiſe to all his Forces that was in Germany,
For they were men of honour, my boys, that was not afraid to ſtand,
But they will fight untill they die, for the ſake of old England.

Here's a health the Prince of Brunſwick likewiſe to Ferdinand,
Likewiſe unto Lord Grandy, for he's a Soldiers Friend,
Give him a broad ſword in his hand as I the truth may tell,
And with the Britiſh forces he'll drive the French to hell,

Here's a health unto Delight my boys, likewiſe to brave Maxwell,
Who in the field of battle behav'd themſelves right well,
Likewiſe to all our officers that in the field do ſtand,
The French to fight was our delight when e'er they gave command.